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From the New Era.

SONG.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

Ain—"The Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, say, who is he, through the forest so dark,
With his warrior legions advancing to battle?
Where the yell of the savage re-echoes—and hark!
Where the death-dealing strokes of their rifle balls

rattle;
What is it they fear?—'tis his name that they hear,
With the cry of revenge for the blood of the dear;
'Tis the name of our JOHNSON—oh, long will it

flame,
In letters of light, on the banner of fame!

How piercing the shriek, uttered thrillingly wild,
From the heart of the mother, in agony swelling,
As she mourns the sad fate of her innocent child,
Torn from her, while blazes her desolate dwelling!

Who soothes her alarms, and her wretchedness calms,
And restores, gaily smiling, her babe to her arms?
It is our brave JOHNSON—oh, long will his name
Float in letters of light on the banner of fame!

Rouse! rouse! to the battle! remember your aces:
Their fame is immortal—and how have they gained it?
They fought for their rights, and their own household

fires,
And the blood of a fallen foe never has stained it.
Let our enemies feel, at our charge as they reel,
That the vanquished are safe from American steel!

Who speaks thus? Our JOHNSON—oh, long may
his name
Float in letters of light on the banner of fame!

The war cry is hushed, and the struggle is o'er;
No longer in strife are bayonets gleaming—
For gallantry far, on the sea and the shore,

Is the Star Spangled Banner in victory streaming;
He has fulfilled his vow, he has wounds that bleed now,
And still green are the laurels that circle his brow!

Then huzza for our JOHNSON—oh, long will his
name
Float in letters of light on the banner of fame!

*Col. Johnson received a wound during the last war,
which, as yet, has never been healed, but still bleeds.

REMEMBRANCES.

A trick of War.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, in a well written article, mentions, that during the late war with Great Britain, he accidentally got possession of some of the signals of the British Navy, which he put into the hands of Commodore Rogers—and he thus concludes his account:—

"Soon after peace, dining with Commodore Rogers, at his house in Washington, he related to me the following circumstances, which I give nearly in his own words."

"I acknowledged the receipt of your letter," he observed, "and was determined to have the signals made on board, and to try the experiment, none of my officers understanding for what purpose they were intended. I cruised some time without meeting an enemy, until one afternoon we fell in with a schooner, some six or eight miles to windward of us. We hoisted the British ensign, which she answered by displaying another, and at the same time a signal at her main-top-gallant mast head, which I immediately discovered was like one of those you had given me. From the list of English frigates, I selected the number of the 'Sea Horse,' one of their largest class, and known to be on our coast, and hoisted it. She bore down at once and came under our stern; I ordered her to heave to, and I would send a boat on board of her."

"This order was obeyed, and I despatched a lieutenant to bring her signal book; enjoining on him and the crew the strictest secrecy respecting our character. He was politely received by the captain, whose schooner proved to be the 'Highflyer.' Our lieutenant's coat attracted his attention, not being the latest London fashion, although the crown-and-anchor was on the button; but casting his eyes on the frigate, seeing the British ensign, and now and then the red coat of a marine appearing above the hammock-netting, his mind was apparently set at rest."

"The lieutenant informed him that he was requested to bring the signal-book on board the 'Sea Horse,' in order to have some alterations made, as there was a rumor that the Yankees had possession of something like the signals, and it was therefore necessary to change the numbers! This rumor had its desired effect, and our lieutenant returned with the book, which placed me in

command of the whole correspondence of the British Navy! I then sent the gig for the captain, requested him to come on board, and bring any despatches he might have in charge."

"On reaching our deck he seemed surprised at the size of our vessel, praised her cleanliness and in order in which ever thing appeared; admired the new red coats of the marines, and on being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of despatches for Admiral Warren, who, he observed, must be within forty miles to leeward. I ordered refreshments, and, in company with several of my officers, we entered into general conversation."

"I asked him what object Admiral Warren had in cruising in that neighborhood. He said, to intercept the American privateers and merchantmen, but particularly to catch Commodore Rogers, who, he understood, had command of one of the largest and fastest sailing frigates in the American navy. I enquired of him what sort of a man this Rogers was, and if he had ever seen him? He said no—but he had understood he was an odd character, and devilish shy. After conversing on several other subjects, I abruptly put this question to him:

"Sir, do you know what vessel you are on board of?"

"Why yes, Sir," he replied "on board his Majesty's ship 'Sea Horse.'"

"Then, sir, you labor under a great mistake. You are on board the United States frigate President, and I am Commodore Rogers, at your service."

"The dying Dolphin never assumed a greater variety of colours than did this poor fellow's face," said he, "you are disposed to be humorous, and must be joking!" I assured him that it was no joke; and to satisfy him on that head, handed him my commission. At the same moment the band on our quarter deck, struck up Yankee Doodle; and on reaching the deck, he saw the American ensign flying, the red coats of the marines turned blue and the crown-and-anchor buttons metamorphosed into the eagle."

"This affair," observed the commodore, "was of immense importance to our country. We obtained in full the British signals; the operations of Admiral Warren, by the non receipt of his despatches, were destroyed for the season, and it is probable saved the frigate; for the course I was running at the time of my falling in with the Highflyer, would have brought me into the midst of his fleet during the night."

From the Baltimore Clipper.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

A board of "School Commissioners," who encumbered a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspaper for "a well-disposed, moral man, who could teach the dead languages, and did not drink whiskey or chew tobacco." After a fortnight of this advertising had elaborated, a knife-bone Yankee made his appearance, with a rap and a pine stick in one hand, and a *Cape Cod* protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:

"Well, sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school teacher?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin?" asked one of the committee men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick, again rounding the end of the stick with the knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Latin," said the chairman.

"Guamho hic squashum et punkitum linguam," said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "is that Latin? Who's the author?"

"Josephus," replied Slick; "he says in his life of Governor Hancock, Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancockibus quad erat demonstrandum."

"Dat's good," exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, "tore never was better Latin!"

"Now, sir," said the chairman, "I suppose you understand Geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the Deestriet of Columby."

"What State is it in?"

"A state of desperation."

"What latitude are we in?"

"According to the thermometer we're ten degrees below zero."

"Which is the most western part of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us see how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it be good corn land?"

"Why, then, it depends upon the number of hills?"

"Say—five hundred."

"Guess you mought as well tell a feller how many grains you plant to the hill?"

"Five."

"Then, according to Euclid, it would be seven hundred and forty-two feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent. Pray, sir, where are you from?"

"Staunton, down in the Bay State—and I can do most anything."

"No doubt; but there is one thing which you cannot do—you cannot humbug us; you may go."

One way to get a Wife.

The very bad do not like to enter a clergyman's family. Indeed, my female servants have had so good a name for all proprietors, that this circumstance alone led to the very comfortable settlement of one of them, and I think that even since, One evening, as tea was brought in, I heard a half suppressed laugh in the passage, and observed a smirking, strange look, in the servant's face, as she was put on the table. The cause was soon made known—it was a courtship, and a strange one. A very decent looking, respectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who carried on a small business in a neighboring town, a widower and a Wesleyan, knocked at the door. He was then a perfect stranger. The man servant opened it.

"I want," said the stranger, "to speak with one of Mr. —'s female servants."

"Which?"

"Oh, it doesn't signify much."

The announcement was made in the kitchen. "I'm sure I won't go," said one.

"Nor I," says another.

"Then I will," said the nurse—and straightway she went to the door. "Do you wish to speak with me, sir?"

"Yes, I do," said the stranger; "I am a widower, and I hear a very good character of Mr. —'s servants. I want a wife, and you will do very well."

"Please walk in, sir," said the nurse.

In he walked, and it was the odd circumstance that caused the general titter. But the man was really in earnest. In due time he married the woman; and I often saw them very comfortable and happy, in the town of —, and I verily believe that neither of them had any reason to repent the choice thus singularly made.

She fell into his ways—had a good voice, and joined him in many a hymn—thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks.

POLITICAL.

From the Washington Globe.

CHANGES.

The opposition, from Mr. Webster down, ring the changes upon the word change. They give us the sound, we give them the sense of it.

We ask the public to weigh deliberately the reasons given in the three following letters from very able and leading men, for their abandonment of the federal party. They will there see the impressions which late events have stamped upon the most powerful intellects, and which cannot fail to be communicated to every honest and disinterested mind in the ranks of the opposition. As yet, the federal party have not been able to boast of a single convert, to their cause, who has not turned out to be a dismissed defaulter, a disappointed office-seeker, or some hapless wight, forced to succumb to the power of the banks over his person or property.

The Louisville Advertiser has a very pregnant article, referring to the revolution of sentiment going on at this time in Kentucky. It is rapidly thinning the ranks of the opposition, of the most powerful men in the State. It portends, we fondly hope, the early restoration of that patriotic and influential Commonwealth to the array of Republican States, which she once so proudly graced.

"CHANGES." The Lexington Reporter complains of the course pursued by R. N. Wickliffe, Esq., in refusing to trust Harrison, who cannot trust the people with a candid avowal of his sentiments. The Reporter is conducted by Mr. D. C. Wickliffe, brother of the talented gentleman who has shown his devotion to principles, by abandoning a party that dare not avow their principles. R. N. Wickliffe, Esq., is modestly informed in the Reporter that he has disappointed his relations, and separated himself from them. On this point the Reporter is in error. We happen to know that a prominent relation of Mr. Wickliffe—a distinguished statesman—has also abandoned the party without principles—and that other relations of the same gentleman begin to doubt whether they can, with honor, adhere any longer to the whig cause. Nor is this all. Our fellow citizens in the country are turning by scores from Harrison. Log cabins and hurras for the hard cider candidate do not satisfy reflecting men,—men who value the right of suffrage, and cannot consent to see it sported with or turned into ridicule.

"Other prominent men in Lexington, besides Mr. Wickliffe, have recently abandoned the hard cider party; and the position of Harrison, in reference to abolition, a National Bank, and other agitating questions, is such as to render it impossible for him to be supported by Republicans. Our present Governor, once the ardent and efficient advocate of popular rights, cannot help feeling that men degrade themselves by sustaining a man for the office of President, who cannot hazard the consequences of avowing his opinions on the leading questions on which the elections should turn. Indeed we understand his Excellency declares that General Harrison should come out like a man, on Abolition, on a bankrupt law, &c.; and we really think his Excellency is entirely right. How can rational men vote understandingly for a candidate who has heretofore been on both sides of almost all important questions, and now refuses to avow his sentiments for the information of the public."

"The abuse of the Journal, and some other kindred prints, of the sensible and independent men who are flocking to the Democratic banner, only proves the desperation of the political hacks of the opposition. They have no recourse left

but to revile those who turn a deaf ear to hurras for hard cider, and view with contempt, log cabin pageants."

APRIL 4, 1840.

GENTLEMEN.—The writer of this letter, thus publicly addressed to you, has seen, with regret and mortification, in a letter subscribed by yourselves, under date of the twenty-ninth day of February last, at Cincinnati, in reply to a letter of inquiry, from the Oswego Union Association, directed and delivered to William Henry Harrison, of North Bend,—that you had been entrusted with the latter, and empowered to make a reply thereto for General Harrison.

The reasons assigned by you for thus becoming the depository of the General's correspondence, and the organ of his replies, are unimpaired not only so peculiar in their character, as to excite unworthy suspicions among our own friends, but afford too much ground for our opponents for curious speculation and amusing criticism.

You declare that the General's correspondence has become so voluminous, "that his reply in person, becomes impracticable; and that you, in the character of his confidential committee," because of some inability, make the response for him. That if the policy of the committee, as shown by their reply, should not meet with the approbation of the Oswego Union Association, it will attribute the error to yourselves, and the immediate advisers of General Harrison, rather than to the General himself!

Without the least desire to be ingenuitous in this matter, but for the benefit of the supporters of the General, of whom I am the personal and political friend, who doubtless feel a deep solicitude in bringing the information, I beg most respectfully to know what authority you, gentlemen, have become the keepers of the person and thoughts of the hero of Tippecanoe? I desire to learn if it is with his own free will, and unbiased judgment, that he has placed himself under your supervision and peculiar care; or have you, in violation of the ancient policy of the feudal Barons of Scotland, who frequently seized on the person of the monarch, or presumptive heir to the government—like them seized on the person of the General, and restricted him to his quarters at North Bend, under the expectation of securing to yourselves similar success and power. I find, on analysing your reply, that the apology for the inability of the General to reply to the note because of the voluminous character of the correspondence, is but illy sustained in your refusal to reply, at all, to the inquiries of the Oswego Union Association. You say the letter has been placed in your hands for the purpose of affording a reply, and then you refuse to reply altogether. Permit me, gentlemen, to ask whether this is consistent with the character of the General himself, and the frank and manly course which he should always mark in the conduct and policy of his supporters. If the letter was of sufficient importance to entitle it to a reply, then the interrogatories should have been fully and ingeniously answered. The General could surely have spared some moments in framing the reply you have made, or have done what I should have supposed the frankness of a soldier always dictates, made a direct reply himself. I cannot but believe that many of the General's friends utterly disapprove of not only the policy of selecting confidential advisers for him, but the pernicious consequences which must follow therefrom, to say nothing of the British, kindly precedent which it imitates; this ought to have deterred to so who, it seems, have successfully, thus far, obtained the control of his thoughts and opinions, from attempting the measure. Should we not make further declaration of his official position, as President, what American, who feels for the honor and character of the Government, would consent that the Executive should, for one day,—nay, one hour,—be controlled in the exercise of his official functions by a cabal, or any collection of political friends? And is there not too much danger to be apprehended, that, in such an event, you, gentlemen, would aspire to the distinction of exercising such control? I put it to our common friends to look at the facts, and to honestly and fearlessly make the conclusion in sober earnest.

But it may emphatically be asked, whether the further reasons you assign, are such as the great body of the General's supporters are willing to approve for the refusal to give the reply asked? Can it be that they will agree in the affirmation that "the General has no right to the right of public opinion, for the public eye, whilst occupying his present position; and his views in regard to the all-important and exciting topics of the day have heretofore been given to the public fully and explicitly; that no new issue be made to the public, from the communication of the National Convention, to the public eye, to publish any general declaration of the views of the great opposition party?"

As a sincere friend to the General, let me inquire whether he has ever expressed any public opinion on the propriety of the adoption of a general bankrupt law by Congress, so that his operation might be equal in all the States of the Union? Does not the world know that we are entirely in the dark as to the opinion of General Harrison on this point; no views of his having ever been publicly made in relation thereto? Who knows the opinion of a United States Senator, or a National Bank; and who can possibly tell whether he is in favor of, or against the reception of, and referring petitions for the immediate abolition of slavery within the District of Columbia? What possible opportunity has the General, had, as a public man, to make expressions of his views on the three simple questions which no honorable man, seeking for elevation to the highest office in the gift of the people, would desire to conceal or avoid? Indeed, we have his own published opinions some years since, that public men should never seek to evade answering questions of a public character; and that the citizen was, of right, entitled to a full and explicit answer from all who sought office and public confidence, on such occasions.

I cannot, therefore, conceive why the General should not only permit his publicly avowed opinions to be contradicted at this time, through the medium of a committee of safety, denying the obligation of the General to reply to the interrogatories contained in a respectful communication, but especially on the present occasion, coming, as it does, from those "who entertain the highest regard for his past services," and who, should he be elected to the highest office, for which he is nominated, nothing will occur to lessen him in the estimation of a great and free people. This is certainly at variance with his former conduct, and at variance with the first principles which should regulate the conduct of public men.

But you say, gentlemen, that "he makes a further declaration of his principles for the public eye." Do you mean, then, that he is prepared to make further declarations of his principles for the public eye? This would seem to be the inference from your language, and would well agree with the policy and spirit of your letter.

Let it not be said that the General, a soldier of high renown, and as worthy of the highest honors of the country, has one language official and another confidential on the same subjects. That to the public he will interpose an obstinate silence, and keep his lips hermetically sealed, while to others, under the seal of private confidence, he will freely communicate his views on the same subjects—as he has done in the past, and will do so in the future, and will be thus confidentially communicated. Strong as the presumption seems to be in favor of the adoption of such a policy, I do devoutly trust, that there is yet evolution enough left, in the breast of this noble man, to appear the defender of the policy marked out for him and to reject from his presence, and confidence, all such "confidential advisers."

If he does not, shame, dishonor, and defeat will as necessarily follow such a course, as the diurnal revolution of the earth on its own axis. There cannot

be, there ought not to be, any concealment with public men on questions of a public character. Like the dew of heaven, which fall on the just and the unjust, all men have a right to know and receive them. They are not the property of the possessor; and more especially at this time, have the nation an undeniable right to the opinions of Gen. Harrison on all matters of public interest. He is bound by every consideration of duty to make them fully and promptly known. It is thus denied by any portion of his friends, and he permits himself to assume their councils, and refuses, then let him understand, that no soldier of the Revolution, nor of the subsequent belligerent contests in which we have been engaged, nor any one who duly regards his own honor, can support for public elevation, one who thus denies to his countrymen one of the inalienable rights of freemen.

I ask of you, gentlemen, to retract your steps, to disband your "confidential committee," and permit the General's thoughts and actions to be as free as the air he breathes. Let the old soldier return to his native candor, and his frank and generous heart will disdain all petty subterfuge, and scout all species of indirection.

Solve me, gentlemen, the interrogatories propounded by the Oswego Union Association, as pregnant with much which concerns the interest of the people of this Republic, and the honor and interest of General Harrison, and that of his supporters, as intimately connected therewith. You may possibly satisfy your friends that no actual force has been resorted to obtain your control, but the moral condition of him whom you make your prisoner, will not be in the least elevated in the estimation of the people.

In conclusion, whether you follow the advice here suggested or not, I trust that there are yet enough of the General's friends, who will see the absolute necessity of dislodging you from your position, and restoring him to the free and uncontrolled exercise of his own volition.

I am, gentlemen, most respectfully, personally, and politically, your friend and obedient servant,

JAMES HENDERSON.

To JOHN C. WRIGHT, DAVID GWYNNE, and O. M. SPENCER, Esquires.

ENGLISH PRairie,

Steuben County, Ia., May 18, 1840.

In regard to political matters, I have to inform you that "a change has come o'er the spirit of my dream." It is not the work of a moment, nor a day—nor the sudden impulse of passion—but the result of cool deliberation, and calm reflection, into the principles of the two parties into which our people are divided. As you well know, I have ever been warmly opposed to the present and preceding Administrations of the General Government, and have done all I could, in an honorable way, to effect a change. In the furtherance of this object, I attended the great convention at Indianapolis, last winter, to nominate a candidate for Governor of this State, and to respond to the doings of the Harrison Convention. It was while here that my political faith was first shaken.

Instead of an open, frank, and direct avowal of principles, we were compelled to gaze upon a spectacle, alike insulting to the intelligence, and degrading to the character of the American people. In vain did honest and devoted men of the party call for this avowal—in vain did they ask a chart by which to guide the political vessel in the coming storm. They were answered with banners and canoes—hard cider and log cabins—drunkenness and revelling. Nothing was heard on either hand, but denunciations of the Administration of the General Government, and of the singing of songs. From this convention I returned home, my mind waving and full of doubts.

To investigate the charges against the Administration, and the objects and intentions of the Whig party, was my first business. The public expenditures first engaged my attention. Instead of the \$15,000,000 as asserted by the Whigs, I found it to be from \$34,000,000 in 1824, to \$37,000,000 in 1839, by examining the several annual reports of the Secretary of the Treasury. The next was the public course of Mr. Van Buren, about which so much has been written. And ascertaining, from authentic sources, that instead of being opposed to, he was an ardent supporter of the last war—that instead of being hostile to, he was the first to suggest, the proposition for the extension of the right of suffrage in New York.

Could I longer look upon the leaders of a party who would, knowingly and falsely, prefer such charges without contempt and indignation, at the imposition attempted to be palmed off upon us?

The cause the Oswego correspondence. General Harrison had surrendered himself into the keeping of John C. Wright, one of the most bitter revilers of Jefferson and the old Democratic party. Could I, who had ever been Democratic in my feelings, look calmly, and without distrust, upon such a movement as this? It told me but too plainly the character of the administration which should have General Harrison for its head, and John C. Wright and Daniel Webster for its chief advisers.

And then I examined the Independent Treasury Bill. After reading it through carefully, (which I must confess I never had done before) all the advantages which it stood before me a plain, simple proposition for the collection, safe-keeping, and disbursement of the public revenue, stripped of all the imaginary evils with which the Whig party had invested it. Comparing it with the Constitution, and the laws passed by the first Congress upon this subject, it now appears to me to be the only system recognized by our fathers for the management of the people's funds.

In short, finding that the party to which I was attached would make no avowal of their principles, but were evading, by their silence and duplicity, every question which could yield them the least support, however opposite in the characters, I left them. I could endure humbug and deception no longer. They are not the political weapons which I had been accustomed to use. I shall hereafter lend my aid, freely though it be, and give my vote to Van Buren, Johnson, and the Independent Treasury.

One of my neighbors, Thomas Flint, has also become a convert to Democracy, for the same reason which produced a change in my mind.

CALLED TILLOTSON.

P. S. No one doubts but that the Democratic party will succeed in electing General Howard Governor by a large majority. This seems to be admitted on all hands in this region.

C. T.

From the Kentucky Gazette.

MR. EDITOR.—I perceive in your last paper, a call upon me to become a candidate for the Legislature. These notices of personal friendship, are by me duly appreciated; and my only regret is, that I am unable to respond affirmatively. My private interests, at present, imperiously demand my undivided attention.

Here I might close, but from the tenor of this call, it seems that my vote, at the next Presidential election, is the basis upon which "Many Voters" tender to me this invitation. Really, I do not know a human being whose political opinions are likely, in any degree, to be affected by mine. I have, it is true, watched the progress of this great controversy, now pending between the whigs and democrats, with a heart free from rancor, and with a sincere disposition to do justice to each as shown as the dignity and interests of the country demand. That these conclusions are inconspicuous in my recent party relations, I do now most fully and disavow.

I am, however, anxious to discuss the great questions at issue, and to express my views on the merits of the American people, and upon the decision of which, in my judgment, much of the moral and intellectual character of this nation will hereafter depend. The public mind has authoritatively settled the question, that there

should be a total and unqualified divorce of the Government from all banks—State or National. The elections of 1836 and 1839, left the President in a triumphant majority, upon the subject of the currency. Yet, strange to say, he is now in danger of his election, by the result of the Harrison Convention, and the combination of alarming elements by which Gen. Harrison was put in nomination. There is something in this, past my philosophy.

I have thought well of Gen. Harrison. I gave him an ardent and animated support in 1836. I am not now sufficiently to him—yet, I confess that I felt a deep desire to see him elected. I shall be glad to see him elected. I have thought well of Gen. Harrison. I gave him an ardent and animated support in 1836. I am not now sufficiently to him—yet, I confess that I felt a deep desire to see him elected. I shall be glad to see him elected.

No man should be placed in the Presidency, save it be as the representative of some principles. To bestow the office as the reward of either civil or military services, without regard to the political principles maintained by the candidate, is at war with the genius of this Government.

Now, sir, I am wholly unable to satisfy myself with regard to Gen. Harrison's views, touching all the great questions now at issue before the American people. Mr. Rives, in his late letter to the people of Virginia, there is no doubt, a considerable plan. Such, surely, is not his political attitude before the people of Kentucky. Upon a question of such vital interest—the question of the currency—that which has so deeply agitated the nation, it is lamentable to think, that a candidate for the Presidency should keep his opinions so shrouded in mystery, that in one section of the Union, he may be quoted on one side, and the reverse in another. Yet candor compels the admission, that not only upon this, but upon nearly every subject that enters into the contest, there is a like degree of reserve exhibited.

I will not charge Gen. Harrison with being tainted with that political malady, which, if it ever takes firm hold upon our system, dissolves this Union as surely as there now exists a slave population. But I do not impute to him this monstrous sin, for which, if he be guilty, no atonement can be had in the splendor of his military deeds, or in the purity of his past life. But if his friends, with his consent, deem it right to "make no further declaration of principles for the public eye," then is he morally responsible for giving countenance to this fantastical act. His conduct does most painfully contrast with the magnanimous position of his opponent—the President of the United States—who has alienated many of his Northern friends, by his stern fidelity to the South and West, upon this momentous question. I speak of facts, which the country knows. Party feeling and inexcusable ignorance may deny to him this honorable mood of praise, but the day is not distant when the judgment of this nation will be awarded, unbiased by the insidious influence of an excited political struggle. Upon a subject of this character, involving so much of feeling, and pregnant with so much of calamity and woe, I choose my station on his side, who offers himself an impassable barrier to these mad fanatics; rather than on his side, whose position is at least equivocal, and in regard to which he maintains a mysterious silence.

With my limited powers of observation, I can see no triumph to be achieved by the election of Gen. Harrison, but the simple substitution of one set of officers for another. This might be desirable, did it involve nothing more. But the country ought not to be invoked to put its trust in General Harrison, when he is not willing to put his trust in the country, but appeals to its "generous confidence," in advance, as is distinctly avowed by his accredited committee.

In coming to this conclusion, it gives me great pain to part from those with whom I have been politically associated. I feel deeply indebted to the courtesy of Fayette, for its repeated manifestations of kindness to me, and have endeavored to pay off the debt by a faithful application of my time and attention to its interests and character. I trust that the debt is paid, and that we all are well. I am, however, forever put out of my power to do so. If, however, the account is balanced, we shall part in peace.

From the Bangor Democrat.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

We have no idea of being deceived or of deceiving others upon the question of the Presidential election. We believe that the election of General Harrison is one of the last things to happen in the whole range of human probabilities, if it is not to be classed among moral impossibilities. Thus believing, it is proper that some reasons should be assigned for our belief, which, at this time, must be few and general, as to give them all in detail would extend this article beyond all reasonable limits.

At every Presidential election which has been held in this country for forty years, a majority of all the electors have voted in favor of democratic principles. This is authentic history. John Q. Adams, the only federal President during this whole period of time, did not receive a majority of the popular votes; he was chosen by a coalition formed in Congress, and not by the people, and was a minority President. For forty years, then, the Democratic party have been the majority party of the country, and sustained the same principles which characterize the present Administration.

During all this time arguments, eloquence, sophistries, reproaches, solemn appeals, calculations, predictions, money, deceptions, terrors, flatteries, bribes, cheatery, humbugs, new names, and other means, appliances and engines, have been resorted to by the federal minority to change the numerical strength of parties, and to give Federalism the ascendancy. These means have not been effectual heretofore,—the same and similar means will be as powerless hereafter. The engines of the federal party have been brought to bear in full force upon the Democracy, but without success. Democratic principles have stood and flourished, and become more firmly rooted for being assailed by the storm of federalism. They have always been progressive, always been winning new friends, and making permanent inroads upon Federalism. The measures of the present Administration and the distinguished individual at its head are identified with those principles, which we believe will be sustained by a majority of the American people, as much as we believe in our own existence; and we are not, therefore, permitted to doubt the re-election of Martin Van Buren.

The secret of the success of the one party, and the want of success of the other lies in the principle at the bottom of the party name, which has no other effect upon the minds of men than it indicates a principle. Principles give rise to names, and not names to principles. If there were any charm or magic in a name, surely the federalists would have received the benefits of it, for as often at least as every Presidential election, they have changed their party appellation, and bestowed on Democrats a name of reproach. This had no effect in all former times,—it will have no effect now or hereafter.

The Democracy have always rested their hopes

of success upon their principles, upon the intelligent minds, free choice and incorruptibility of the people, and they have never been disappointed. They do the same now, and confidently expect the same results. While the federalists have always underrated and doubted the intelligence and integrity of the people, and based their hopes upon the Money Power, upon stratagems and various systems to impose upon men's reason, and to control their free agency, and they have always been disappointed. They do the same now, and will again be disappointed. They change their name and their policy frequently, but never their principles, which have been the same from the time of Adams and Hamilton to the time of the nomination of Harrison and Tyler.

We have before said that federal principles have been on the wane forty years; in these days they are so odious and unpopular, that the party which still cherishes them, when Harrison was nominated resolved to conceal them altogether.

It does not appear by that Convention, and they did not attempt to make it appear, that one old principle had been abandoned, or one new one embraced. On the contrary it does distinctly appear that the federal party still adhere to the principles of that party forty years ago, as they nominated a Presidential candidate identified with the federal party at that time. And this identification is rendered still more perfect by the circumstance, that when interrogatories were propounded by the admirers of Harrison to ascertain his sentiments, the too inquisitive inquiries were referred by his "confidential committee," the keepers of his conscience, and the regulators of his conduct to his past history and old opinions.

And what says the history of the past? It says that General Harrison was the friend of the Alien and Sedition acts, and the standing army of John Adams. Living witnesses remember to have seen him with "a black cockade in his hat."

Mr. Mills, an old acquaintance of Harrison's, testified to this fact at a recent public meeting in Jefferson county, Indiana, of which he was one of the Vice Presidents. John Randolph, too, accused Harrison to his face on the floor of Congress of being and an old fashioned federalist and of supporting the Administration of the elder Adams, and Gen. Harrison did not deny the truth of the charge. Is not the identification entire and complete? And is it to be supposed that the people after having disapproved and voted against such principles for forty years will now sustain them by electing Harrison who is completely identified with them? It is the next thing to a moral impossibility as we remarked in the outset.

At every Presidential election for forty years, although they have not changed their principles the federalists have adopted a new system of measures to elect a federal President. Their last and weakest and most absurd system is to have no principles for the public eye, but to vituperously denounce the men, the measures, and the principles of the Administration and hurrah for a "change for the sake of a change,"—to swing hard cider and to sing songs—to parade the streets with flags and devices—roll wooden balls—haul long cabins about the country—hold bacchanalian revels and send forth inebriate shoutings—to wear the skins of wild beasts—to eat and drink and shout in large log cabins, and log baby log cabins about in their arms. It seems impossible that men should do such things, but it is even so, incredible as it may appear, and affords conclusive proof that Federalism is on its last legs.

At the two National Federal Conventions it was resolved in solemn assembly, in effect, that the self-styled Whigs have no principles, and that the above and others not enumerated were suitable arguments to be addressed to the understandings of the American people to produce a conviction on the public mind that Martin Van Buren ought not to be re-elected and that Gen. Harrison should be elected President. This is really too much for belief, but the fact stands out in bold relief and is undeniable. The Harrison men clamor for a change, assume that the measures of the Administration are fundamentally wrong, oppose every thing, denounce every thing,—but they propose no measures of their own, no specific reforms and have no principles, or do not dare to proclaim them. Is this worthy of men enjoying the blessings of liberty? Is it worthy of citizens of this republic? Is it worthy of a great party? It rather resembles the sniffling of a child because its food is not good enough and a sullen refusal to tell what would suit it.

If the two federal conventions were not the greatest farces ever known in this country, they were of a conspiratorial character and as reprehensible as the Hartford Convention. The analogy is striking. The apologists of the Hartford Convention have always claimed for its members and their abettors good motives and good objects and their ground of defence is that no overt acts were committed, that no treason was hatched,—that the Convention did not commit itself. All this is said of the Harrisburg and Baltimore conventions, but the former arrayed itself against the measures of government and the latter did nothing but in hostility to the measures of the Administration. The Harrisburg and Baltimore conventions made no declaration of principles, but their object was to thwart the measures and overturn the Administration of the government—the secret object of both is matter of inference.

We perceive nothing in the State elections which have occurred since the last Presidential election which shows forth a charge at the approaching trial. The State elections show that the people are still as deeply attached as ever to those great truths and principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence, which a majority of the people have always upheld,—they show no change in the numerical strength of parties and no disposition on the part of the people to forsake that cause which has triumphed at every Presidential election for forty years. There is nothing in the signs of the time more than ordinarily discouraging. The Banks, the Money Power and Federalism under many disguises are in the field against the democracy, but the enemy is no better armed, no better united and not better led than in other times when the people achieved the most signal victories.

[From the Saco (Me.) Democrat.]

Conversation between two Whigs.

A. Well, friend, how are our prospects? Are they as propitious as you said they were just after the Baltimore Convention?

B. I am afraid not. We have made an error of policy as we always do when we attempt to carry things by storm—see begin to early, and are apt to lose our heat before the day of election.

A. So I believe, and am always advising our folks to lay low or work secretly until just before the election, say a week before, and then get up steam, brag and bluster, sound the alarm, muster our forces, report changes, and rush right up to the work, and carry the day by acclamation.

B. That's the way we ought to do, 'tis true, but our leaders are like what Talleyrand said of the Bourbons, "they never forget any thing, and they never learn anything." The fault is with them, they don't understand the people.

A. True again; and that is the trouble with our party. We crack up our great men, as we call them, so high, that we really make them believe that it is an act of consideration for them to descend and make people by the hand. Made to believe themselves so much greater and better than the rest of their kind, they treat those under them as inferior beings, and talk to them as tho' they were destitute of common sense or reason.

B. So I fear, and I am afraid this humbug about hard cider and log cabins, will, in the end, injure the cause. It is already disgusting sensible men in our own ranks, and will be used against us yet most effectually, but we must get astride some such hobby, and trust to chance to make it successful. What else can we do? We dare not divulge our principles, for we know, if we do, our game is up. The people have so often and so decidedly repudiated them, it would ensure defeat to avow them.

A. Why not talk about the extravagant expenditures of the administration?

B. What, and have the votes of our own party paraded before the people, in favor of them all? No, no, that cock won't fight. It would be worse than hard cider.

A. This failing us, why not set up a clamor about the corruptions of the administration?

B. Our folks tried that game last year in Congress, got up a Committee of investigation, put Wise and Frank Smith upon it, and predicted the most astounding results. Well, they went at it, poked their noses into every thing, rummaged old letters and papers, had the testimony of ex-officials kicked out of office for roguery and dishonesty, had free access to every department of the Government, spent \$3000 of the money of the people, and what was the result? It was no go—all talk and no cider.

A. Then why not denounce the Sub-Treasury?

B. Why, a goodly number of our folks are in favor of it. They say its effects will be to check importations and help American manufactures. It will keep a great proportion of our specie at home to sustain a healthy currency—keep down Government expenditures—and as to its being so very odious, why, its just the system we adopt in town affairs, simply raising money for specific objects and applying it.

A. But don't you think we could have made something of it if it had been passed before, say the first of the session? Couldn't we have attributed all our difficulties to it and thereby manufactured available political capital?

B. Yes, which like our available candidate of the Presidency might have helped us up but not out of our trouble. The business of the country is reviving,—it is no use to deny it. This done, the Sub-Treasury bill passed, panic over, the currency sound, good crops and a plentiful harvest. I fear we shall have hard work to convince the people it will be for their interest to vote for a man for President who has been put under keepers without his knowing who they were, and is not permitted to avow a single opinion, saying that he will serve but one term, and between us two, I am afraid his chance of serving even that, is anything but favorable.

A. So am I. Everything conspires against us. There was every prospect of a drought only last week, a sure presage of whig victory, when what come to dampen our hopes of success from this circumstance but a right down soaking rain. That ensured us a loss of 1000 votes at least!

B. No doubt of it. But there is at least one consolation, even if we are defeated.

A. Pray tell me what it is?

B. Why, we are used to it!

A. So we are. Good bye.

[Exeunt.]

This is a most singular Presidential campaign. We take our principles and go forth to engage with our opponents and what do we encounter? Principles, measures and arguments? Not so. Hard cider, log cabins, and gingerbread—winds, shadows and dust. Him of the useful countenance and the light of chivalry, could not have been more disappointed at the flock of sheep and the windmills than are democrats at the appearance of their political antagonists. It is the most insipid, the silliest of contest, the most absurd and ridiculous Presidential campaign ever engaged in on the part of our federal opponents who outrage all decency and common sense in their policy of throwing principles out of the question. It is ridiculous and insulting in the highest degree to the American people. An opposition party, a spoils and plundering party, and unprincipled party; and this too from design. It is made the subject of boast—it is proclaimed everywhere. The cider drinking, carousing, unprincipled, plundering, dishonest, knavish party, from design and from choice! How does this strike men—how does it affect their reason—how their common sense?

To be considered knavish and destitute of principle—what an object of ambition. Plunderers and booties—how degrading—how infamous. And this in nineteenth century, in this age of civilization, in this country where the whole people are educated and moral. Still most astonishing—the having no principle men, the knaves and plunderers, attempt to reduce the whole population to their level. To elect Harrison they strike at the root of principle, of morality, of law of civilization itself.—Bangor Democrat.

From the American Citizen.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

The people of this country are, and ever have been, since the days of the Revolution, divided into two great political parties. I shall say nothing of the subs, for I regard them of no consequence; but I shall include them all under the head of Jeffersonian Democrats and Hamiltonian Federalists. In the days of the Revolution, when the people of this country were struggling for, and pouring out their very life-blood in the cause of liberty, there existed a party among them, who were not only disposed to "stand back," but actually threw every obstacle in their way, and did every thing in their power to give the enemy the advantage; and who were they? They were the Hamiltonian-Federal-British party, alias, Tories. But failing in their efforts to foil the Democrats and give the British the victory of the colonies, they came forward at the formation of the Constitution, through their representative, Hamilton, and made an effort to engraft into that instrument their sentiments and notions of government; and I ask again, what were they? Every one, acquainted with the history of that period, can answer that question. I will only say that they contended for a President and Senate for life; and the like. Who believes that this party is now extinct, or that the same blood has not been "creeping through secondhands" ever since the "days that tried men's souls"? I believe, for one, that the same anti-American feeling, the same opposition to the very form and constitution of our government, now exists in the hearts of a party in this country, and that they now and ever will oppose the pure principles of Democracy. This party was known, in "Revolutionary times," as the Federal party, but it has passed through various names since. It requires but a moderate share of penetration to detect this party. They always rise when the country sinks, and sink when the country rises. They are never satisfied with any thing, let it be ever so good, which emanates from the action of the Democratic party. All is irregularity, chaos and confusion, except it be the work of their hands. They are constantly arrayed in opposition to every thing which is equal in its bearing upon the people. Something exclusive suits them best: hence we always find them contending for some exclusive privilege—some sort of monopoly. They contend for a high tariff, in order to build up a host of aristocratic establishments in this country—for banks—for works of "internal improvement," both State and National,—in fine, they contend for all sorts of monopolies and exclusive privileges; and worse than all that, they take sides against their country in the hour of peril. This is the old Federal party, the present old distant Whig party, or the "ring-streaked-and-speckled" party, of the present day. But there will be nothing but the caput mortuum seen of them after the next Presidential election. The Democrats will rout them, "horse, foot, and dragoons."

The Jeffersonian Democratic party are, in principle, diametrically opposite to the party above named. Democracy seeks equality, and the administration of equal justice to all. It is, indeed, the *alma mater* of our free government; hence we invariably find the Democrats contending for the government and its institutions, and with their "pruning hooks," stand ready to "lop the excrement" branches of the tree of liberty, and to trim it down to the Constitution of our free government. I can no better delineate the character of the two parties, than by saying the one "serves God," and the other "Mammon."

A JEFFERSONIAN.

[From the Dover (N. H.) Gazette.]

FOUNDATION OF WHIG PRINCIPLES.

Ask a British Whig, the reason of his faith, the foundation of his principles, and all the answer or satisfaction you can obtain will be summed up in a few hackneyed words—"log cabin, and hard cider," closing with the burden of the anthem, "hurrah! for Tippecanoe!" This is the whole of the weighty argument they use, this comprises all their reason for their opposition against the present Administration; and truly this, unmeaning, fulsome and ridiculous, is equally rapid, and no more so, than are all the charges they can bring against the Government, or all they might be enabled to say in favor of their party from now till dooms-day. Therefore this continued and monotonous song, as they have obtained it from those who pitch the tune and have perfected themselves therein, is quite convenient and quite sufficient for their purpose, and now and then, in *bas relief*, or dumb show, the emblem of a Log Cabin and Cider Barrel hauled about the streets is to accomplish the election of Harrison for President.

However preposterous or ridiculous this course may seem to every person of two-thirds common sense, for the purpose of convincing the people—the "common people," and leading them by such powerful arguments to espouse their cause, yet this boyish, Jim Crow mode of procedure has absolutely done much good—it has disgusted many of their own followers and essentially weakened the cause of Democracy.

If we had studied sometime to ascertain a course, though we should never have once thought or even dreamed of this, to recommend them to follow, to thoroughly disgrace themselves in the eyes of the people, and render odiously unpopular, we could not have hit upon one better fitted to the object; but the worst of it is, they are, perurbed as they be, becoming sensible of its gross inconsistency and unpopularity, and growing sick of the foolish farce; and the Log Cabin and Hard Cider processions are fast falling into disrepute and disuse. We have understood that the leaders and wire-pullers of the British Whig party at Concord have issued orders to the towns in the State not to bring up their Log Cabins and squirrels nests to the Convention to be held on to-morrow in that town.

We understand the one that was being built for the purpose in this town has been discontinued. Thus goes their folly and thus goes their cause—it is all of a piece, and falls like the tower of Babel, to the ground.

From the Eastern Argus.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

The hurrahs of Whiggery are dying rapidly away, and the noise and confusion of *hard cider* federalists having in some degree subsided, the clear, strong voice is now heard of the advancing Democracy. From all quarters of the Union the indications in favor of the Administration are of the most cheering character. Our friends throughout the country are doing battle manfully against the enemy, and falsehood and deception are fleeing away before the mighty power of truth. The result of next November's election, not as the contest now threatens to be, will be found, we verily believe, as calamitous to the *Piebald party*, as was the result of the Presidential election in 1832.

The changes against Harrison in the South and West, are coming in upon us in large numbers, by almost every mail. In Kentucky especially, the feeling against Harrison seems to be constantly increasing, and the prospect is, that Clay will hardly be able to carry even his own State for the *Mum* candidate of his party.

We have already given the names of several prominent individuals who have been leading federal politicians in that State, and have now come out for Van Buren; and we are enabled this morning to add to the number. The Baltimore Republican, on the authority of the Kentucky Yeoman, announces that James D. Hardin, an influential whig, and John Rowan, formerly a U. S. Senator, have expressed a determination to support Mr Van Buren. The Republican says: "From the very first moment after the nomination of Harrison, we felt confident that ere many months had passed, there would commence a revolution in the minds of the honest and intelligent of the Whig party, and that in every portion of the country we would find men—high minded men—one after another coming out from the ranks of an opposition, with the great mass of the members of which they could have no community of sentiment."

"We have not been disappointed in our anticipations; nor are we surprised, when day after day we are called upon to record such accessions as Colquhoun, Black, Cooper, Senborn, Jones, Wickliffe, Tipton, and numerous others of former high political influence in the opposition party. We have now to add to these, the names of Jas. D. Hardin, Esq., the Hon. Henry Daniels, and Rowan, of Kentucky, and Lamar, of Georgia. The first, we are told by the Yeoman, is a gentleman of decidedly influential standing in Anderson county,—a man of fine talents, and who promises to give the cause of his change whenever called upon, either in public or private."

The Hartford Times mentions, also, that Mr. Telford, a talented and influential citizen of Lexington, and a nephew of Henry Clay, declares his intention to advocate Mr Van Buren's reelection. A few more changes like these to which we have alluded, and Federalism in Kentucky will be very nearly overthrown!

[From the Saco (Me.) Democrat.]

What they did for him in 1820.

In 1820, Gen. Harrison was a candidate for the gubernatorial chair of Ohio. There were two other candidates, Brown, and Morrow, who was put on the course so late that it was announced only a short time before the election that Brown and Harrison were the only candidates. And yet Morrow got two votes to Harrison's one! The following is the result:—Brown 34,836, Morrow 9,426, Harrison 4,343! Harrison and Brown both lived in Hamilton County. Neither that County nor the ancient Counties by which it is bound cast a single vote for the *Hero of Tippecanoe*. During the war his head quarters were a portion of the time at Chillicothe in Ross, and another at Franklin in Franklin. But neither Ross nor Franklin gave him a vote! His vote in the Lake Counties, the scenes of his military exploits, out of which political capital is now to be made, was next to nothing. And this occurred within six years after the close of the war,—when its events and incidents were fresh in the memory of the people of Ohio—when his civil and military qualifications were well known to the voters,—when, if his military exploits had excited enthusiasm, it ought at that time when his laurels were green and his reputation at its height. But the people of Ohio thought of all these things—and would not have him to reign over them.

And we, at this distance from the spot where those scenes were enacted and those decisive votes given, are called upon to repose illimitable confidence in the man whom his own neighbors, fellow soldiers and fellow citizens, rejected! And we are asked to do it, and even defer soliciting his opinions upon National politics, the purity of his past life and the extraordinary excellence of his military reputation being trumpeted forth as the guarantee of his future good conduct. The people of Ohio would not take him, upon terms more favorable than these, for Governor. And the people throughout the country will do the like thing when asked to vote for him for the exalted station of the Presidency.

Forward!—The Democracy of the Union are in motion. The great army from the van to the rear, from the rear to the van begins to move. They neither sing by day or howl by night—but they move. Their enthusiasm is deep and determined. It manifests itself in sober, but earnest appeals to the reason and the minds of the people. They put forth their principles and honestly and candidly invite discussion. Their principles are not embodied in log cabins, cider barrels, con skins, and skunk skins; nor yet in the "lack-lustre eye" of dead woodchucks, glaring from the crevices of a log cabin; they are not written upon bits of striped bunting upon the heads of old cider casks, nor upon gaudy and gaudy handkerchiefs. They are embodied in their own plain mother tongue in language, that cannot be misunderstood.—*Spirit of the Age*.

We respond heartily to the request contained in the following petition from the Boston Post: To the Members of Congress—

Gentlemen and blackguards—For your body is composed of both—will you please to pass the Independent Treasury bill, and then adjourn to December, and much oblige those who sent you to Washington, THE PEOPLE OF THE U. S.

ANOTHER FOOT.

Week before last we gave a story which is going the round of the Whig papers, called the "Cockade." We have recently received Gen. Harrison's great liberal, and redeemed a firm of one gave it to him. The old ad and the distress the old soldier threw his old soldierly heart-rendering. In an al's questions it came out the many battles, particularly the and Thames. He lost his Tippecanoe, and here is his pearls. The battle of Tippecanoe, September 1811, and that of same month in 1813, two 'The American army pursued number of days before the battle and here was an *old one* along, through a new territory of his country. Who does not Almost any one can tell the good lie it requires a man the great stories circulated of as true as the one we speak (Belfast) Journal.

AN HONEST FED.

The editor of the Boston son man, thus lectures one of cines, for abusing his old friend. "By what authority do you waste the time and money slandering the Federalists?—he never could have any which he probably knows he has picked up in reading volumes of Jefferson. It is now, whether Gen. Harris cockade federalist" in 1799 believe the people care very If Mr. Crittenden really wish Harrison's election, he would sense, if he has any, by the ments. The electioneering been carried on in both Ho during its present session, is the parties engaged in it, who and would justify any honest quiting them both."

The Courier will probably ber, that it is of some whether Gen. Harrison was Federalist" in 1799, or not; that the people are not so entirely subject, as the opposition would them.

MORE CHANCE.

THE LOUISVILLE PUBLIC Ad the following extract from a ington (Ky.) June 2d:

"On Monday last Gen. C. Mr. Sterling, to make a political half of General Mum. I did the effect of his speech further led up, no doubt to the infirm General, that old Political Honorable Henry Daniel, who about three hours reviewed of controversy between the p wound up by announcing his to Mr. Van Buren his ardent effect of this announcement is powerful. You know Captain of public speaking, I need return to the democratic fo pleasure by his old friends, here look blank."

The Advertiser subjoins: men of acknowledged influence are returning to the democratic Daniel will prove an active cate of correct principles. I whigs, and ascertained that worthy."

TEMPERANCE.—We find communication in the Boston Mer violent Federal paper. We that there are some men among who are not quite willing to st perance principles to their love cess; and we hope that the men, may be generally felt in they belong.

"HARD CIDER"

MR. EDITOR:—In common Whigs and friends to the "Tippecanoe," the writer is of opinion good, but some positive evil will continued reference to this in by the friends of Harrison. Once last evening, at the im of the people on Fort Hill, der" was dealt out from, or bury Log Cabin," which was "Tea-party." I have heard where the pernicious practice drink" has followed similar "true Whig," and friend to regret that any doubtful mea countenance by those who cause to need any intoxicating it. As a friend to good ord the Whig cause, I make the doubting that you, alike influ motives, will insert them in y Journal.

A COLD V.

FEDERAL BRAGGING.—A w colon Patriot says:—"I under Ruggles was completely used last week, in his braggadocio tion of Harrison. He propos of \$500 that Harrison would

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ANOTHER FOOLISH LIE.

Week before last we gave an account of a story which is going the rounds of the British Whig papers, called the "Orphan Wood Chopper." We have recently read another story of Gen. Harrison's great liberality, wherein the General redeemed a firm of one of his soldiers and gave it to him. The old soldier had lost a leg, and the distress the old soldier was in, when accident threw his old General in his way, was truly heart-rendering. In answer to the General's questions it came out that he had fought in many battles, particularly that of Tippecanoe and Thames. He lost his leg in the battle of Tippecanoe, and here is where the naked lie appears. The battle of Tippecanoe was fought in September 1811, and that of the Thames in the same month in 1813, two years afterwards. The American army pursued the British for a number of days before the battle of the Thames, and here was an old one-legged man, hobbling along, through a new territory to fight the battles of his country. Who does not know better?—Almost any one can tell the truth, but for a right good liar it requires a man of parts. Most of the great stories circulated of Gen. Harrison are as true as the one we speak of.—*Republican (Belfast) Journal.*

AN HONEST FEDERALIST.

The editor of the Boston Courier, a Harrison man, thus lectures one of his political associates, for abusing his old friends:—"By what authority does Mr. Crittenden waste the time and money of the people in slandering the Federalists?—a party with which he never could have any connection, and of which he probably knows nothing but what he has picked up in reading the posthumous volumes of Jefferson. It is of little consequence now, whether Gen. Harrison was a "black-cockade federalist" in 1798, or not, and we believe the people care very little about it. If Mr. Crittenden really wishes to promote Gen. Harrison's election, he would manifest his good sense, if he has any, by the use of other arguments. The electioneering warfare, which has been carried on in both Houses of Congress, during its present session, is disgraceful to both the parties engaged in it, whether whig or tory, and would justify any honest man in cursing and quitting them both."

The Courier will probably find, next November, that it is of some "consequence now whether Gen. Harrison was a "black-cockade Federalist" in 1798, or not; and will see, too, that the people are not so entirely careless on the subject, as the opposition would be glad to have them.

MORE CHANGES!

THE CRY IS, STILL THEY COME.

The Louisville Public Advertiser publishes the following extract from a letter dated Lexington (Ky.) June 2d:

"On Monday last Gen. Combs repaired to Mr. Sterling, to make a political speech in behalf of General Mum. I did not hear what was the effect of his speech further than this, it called up, no doubt to the infinite surprise of the General, that old Political Campaigner, the Honorable Henry Daniel, who in a speech of about three hours reviewed the chief grounds of controversy between the parties, and finally wound up by announcing his resolution to give to Mr. Van Buren his ardent support. The effect of this announcement is said to have been powerful. You know Captain Daniel, his power of public speaking, I need not tell you, his return to the democratic fold, is hailed with pleasure by his old friends. The whigs about here look blank."

The Advertiser subjoins: "It is thus that men of acknowledged influence in Kentucky are returning to the democratic fold. Capt. Daniel will prove an active and efficient advocate of correct principles. He has tried the whigs, and ascertained that they are not trustworthy."

TEMPERANCE.—We find the following communication in the Boston Mercantile Journal, a violent Federal paper. We are glad to see that there are some men among the Federalists who are not quite willing to sacrifice their temperance principles to their love of political success; and we hope that the influence of these men, may be generally felt in the party to which they belong.

"HARD CIDER."

MR. EDITOR:—In common with many true Whigs and friends to the "Tippecanoe candidate," the writer is of opinion that no possible good, but some positive evil will result from the continued reference to this intoxicating article, by the friends of Harrison. I regretted to notice last evening, at the immense gathering of the people on Fort Hill, that "Hard Cider" was dealt out from, or near, the "Roxbury Log Cabin," which was near the Whig "Tea-party." I have heard of several cases where the pernicious practice of "something to drink," has followed similar meetings. As a "true Whig," and friend to total abstinence, I regret that any doubtful measures should be countenanced by those who have too good a cause to need any intoxicating drink to advance it. As a friend to good order, morality, and the Whig cause, I make these remarks, not doubting that you, alike influenced by similar motives, will insert them in your independent Journal.

A COLD WATER WRIT.

FEDERAL BRAGGING.—A writer in the Lincoln Patriot says:—"I understand that John Ruggles was completely used up at Wisconsin last week, in his bragadocio about the election of Harrison. He proposed to make a bet of \$500 that Harrison would be elected. But

a gentleman, standing by, offering to take up the bet, and deposit the 'Rhino,' the Senator was 'padlocked,' and 'backed out!' 'Thus much for Federal bragadocio.'"

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 23, 1840.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Our friends in Turner, inform us, and request notice to be given, that our National Sabbath will be celebrated on the approaching anniversary, with appropriate ceremonies.

Oration by H. B. Osborn, Esq., of Portland. A general invitation is extended to all the friends of the present Administration.

CHANGES.

We present our readers, this week, on the first page of the Democrat, the letters of three distinguished gentlemen who are disgusted with the course pursued by the federalists in regard to their Presidential candidate. We ask for them an attentive, calm, and candid perusal, from all into whose hands they may fall. The course of reasoning of the writers, and the candor in which they are written, is sufficient evidence, to our minds, of the honesty and well meaning of their authors. They bear on their face the stamp of an honest and high-minded principle—a principle which would cause its possessor to disdain the truckling and pitiful arguments of a "Log cabin," "Hard cider," &c. Arguments which appeal only to the sympathy and passions, which evince a jealousy on the part of those who use them, of the capability of the people of judging for themselves on the great questions which now agitate the community.

These vain and foolish arguments—these great carousals, and shows of the federalists, cannot do them any good. It is the last resort of a desperate faction, to stifle and silence that enquiry for the political principles of the Federal party, which the people are now anxiously making. The people will press this question home upon them until they obtain an answer, or drive them from their miserable subterfuges to conceal them.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Augusta, June 19, 1840.

MR. EDITOR.—For two days past, Augusta has been a merry and, a part of that time, (if I may use the expression), a madly merry place. Mad, for men acted insane. Merry, for they seemed to be sanguine that they were sane; and therefore rejoiced in the speculations of their wild and infuriated imaginations.

Your readers have heard much, ere this, of the great Harrison-Democratic-Whig-State Convention. Circumstances placed me where I could but witness it, and certainly there was much to speculate upon. So far as numbers were concerned, it was respectable; but I have no doubt that part of it will be much overrated. I will say that, from information derived from several highly respectable gentlemen, who counted them as they marched in procession, the number did not exceed twenty-two hundred; that there were more present, is very true, for curiosity led hundreds of Democrats to the scene of action, that they might witness, for the first time, the old Federal party assembled under their present name; that they might see men acting the child, trying to charm the multitude, to operate upon the sober sense of an intelligent people, by the display of banners, of miniature log cabins with silly devices, and the disgusting cry of "hard cider." Each county delegation, save yours, (and their better sense attracted attention), was preceded by a *gilted dressed gentleman*, bearing all the proofs upon his person, of being a well trained aristocrat, alias, *log-cabinite*, carrying in his hand a staff, fluttering with blue ribbon. Next came a standard bearer, who bore the ever honored "stars and stripes" of our National Flag, but which were disgraced, or rather insulted, by the accompaniment of some silly, disgusting motto,—insulting both to common sense and common decency. Borne by one individual, was a log cabin, and a large eagle painted most fastidiously with this motto: "THE FARMER'S FRIEND—HARD CIDER." Another was carried upon the end of a pole, by a most exquisite fellow, on the one side of which was imprinted in large letters—"Hard Cider," and on the other, "Log Cabin,"—which that same brainless fellow was looking up to with much complacency, as he turned it, ever and anon, in his hand, that the beautiful and graphic inscriptions might the better be seen by an admiring multitude.

I might go on and enumerate those little incidents, and would, had I time, and did I not think that the good sense of your readers would be disgusted, and that it would lead them to have too contemptible an opinion (if possible) of men who will resort to such unbecoming means, to carry out their unallowed purposes.

But I have given you a few specimens of Whig electioneering, and I will now say that this formidable body of men—yes, of men—after having formed themselves into sections, with two or three bands of music, and under the guidance of Marshalls, paraded through the principal streets of the town, with their waving banners, until they made a dead halt in front of the State House; then, after a few preliminaries and a state speech or two, and a few loud huzzas for the hero of Tippecanoe, a shower of rain ensued, as "if heaven wept at their folly," which sent those *hard-fisted, sturdy democrats* in various directions for shelter: some fled to private dwellings, but most to the several bar-rooms of the hotels, where they made themselves decent, by taking hard cider, alias, brandy, gin, and rum.

Afternoon.—Again in front of the State House.—Rufus K. Goodenow, of Paris, calls the meeting to order, as President—declares himself a dissenter from the Administration party,—speaks much of his democracy,—but did not say that he had held an important office for sixteen years, and because he could hold it no longer, deserted the Democratic party at a time when federal rule was disgracing the State,—nor did he say that he did this that he might find favor in the dominant party, which is made up of the fag ends of every party. He declared the Harrison party to be the true democratic party. Yes, shouted a hun-

dred such worthies as Thomas, Clark and Erasmus Foote, we are the democratic party. At this time John Holmes and a few others, kept still, and seemed evidently glad when the speech was done, and its last tones drowned amid one general shout for Tippecanoe.

From the reports of the several committees, it appeared that Edward Kent was again nominated as the Harrisonian-Democratic-log-cabin candidate for Governor, which nomination, however, was not received with feelings of unanimity, for it seemed the whole delegation from Bangor were opposed to him. A fine compliment to the moral worth of the man.

After this John Holmes mounted the rostrum, and with his scurrilous abuse, and low, vulgar metaphors, kept this body of decency men in one general titter for a long hour. Then followed the federal candidate for Congress, in Penobscot, who, as usual, spoke long and said nothing. It was a pretty specimen of little talk. Next came the would be Federal candidate in Kennebec, (but Evans won't allow of it), and with all the bitterness which has so long characterized the man, he amused this new-born Democratic party, by calling them democrats, and that they could trace down their democracy from the earliest period in our history. Vow, you had better not try that! He then undertook to tell, by figures, how General Harrison would be elected President; and in the end concluded he would have all the votes save those of N. H., and stood some little chance of them. Here followed others who might be considered smaller fry, but they too, and hallooed, and huzzed until the close of the day, when the more sensible and sober portion started for their constituents, sick and disgusted with the folly and hypocrisy of their own leaders; but the far greater portion to Hallowell, where, in a log cabin, built under the superintendence of the renowned Jesse, a real hard cider carousal took place, which lasted well nigh until morning, when they were seen reeling home, with aching, empty heads, to dream of their follies, and ponder upon coming defeat.

I have many amusing anecdotes which have grown out of this affair, and much more that I wish to write upon its general merits, but time fails me now.

Yesterday, the 18th, a splendid Standard, painted by C. Codman, of Portland, was presented, by the ladies of Augusta, to the Rifle Greys; it being their first anniversary. Every thing went off with appropriateness.

Yours, &c., S.

RENEGADES AT A PREMIUM.—Rufus K. Goodenow, of Paris, was President of the late Federal Convention at Augusta; and Isaac Tisley, of Portland, and Isaac Hodsdon, of Bangor, were nominated by the Convention, for Electors at large! To have made the list perfect, John Ruggles should have been nominated for Governor! "It is natural that the cormorants of one Administration should seek a roost in the treasury of another."—*Eastern Argus.*

FEDERAL NOMINATIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—At the Federal Convention, in Worcester, (Mass.) on Wednesday last, John Davis of Worcester was nominated for Governor, and George Hull was re-nominated for Lieutenant-Governor.

Isaac C. Bates of Northampton, and Peleg Sprague of Boston, were nominated for Presidential Electors at large, and Robert G. Shaw for the Boston district.—*Argus.*

THE LAST OF THE TEA PARTY.—Samuel Howard, who died in Conway N. H. June 2, 1840, was supposed to be the last of the Boston Revolutionary Tea Party. He was born in Woburn, Mass., May 2, 1747, and served an apprenticeship as a Cabinet maker, in Boston, Mass. under the English system. While a resident in Boston he joined the brave little band who destroyed the British Tea in 1773. He was a soldier in the revolutionary war, and was one of those who suffered in the "Jerseys"—was at the battle of Trenton and Princeton, and in several other engagements. He removed to Brownfield, Me., soon after the Revolution, and has continued to reside there until within a few years. His age was 92 years one month—and yet until the day of his death he could relate with great accuracy the thrilling incidents of the destruction of the British Tea and of the different battles in which he was engaged. He possessed a strong constitution, a sound understanding, and a patriotic admiration of our country and her institutions. J.

THE LATE CUBA PIRACY.—Our paper of yesterday, contained an account of an act of piracy off Cape Antonio, which is about forty-five miles to the leeward of Havana, copied from a New Orleans paper of the 28th ult. We had some doubts of the correctness of the statement, but on making further inquiries of Capt. Reminton, of the brig Elizabeth, which arrived at this port on Saturday, we find he fully confirms it. The seven pirates were brought up from Cape Antonio a few days previous to his departure. They were to be tried forthwith, and no doubt was entertained of their being immediately afterwards ordered to execution.—They belonged to the Regles, opposite the Havana, a well known resort, a few years since, for such characters.—*New York paper.*

TOO HEAVY A DOSE.—The Hallowell (Me.) Cultivator gives an account of the singular death of a man belonging to that place, named Kavanagh, who, while under the influence of liquor, asked a lawyer for a warrant against himself, that he (Kavanagh) might be committed to jail as a common drunkard, to afford him an opportunity of becoming sober. The lawyer advised him to take an emetic rather than a warrant, and throw up his intoxication by vomiting, to which Mr. K. agreed. A physician was consequently applied to for that purpose, who it is said, gave him a powerful potion of tartar emetic. He was soon much convulsed, vomited, and continued to vomit most violently through the night of the next day, the last of which he appeared to suffer intensely from thirst, earnestly begging for water, which the physician thought it not prudent to allow him to drink. His nurse leaving him for

a moment, he contrived to get hold of a large pitcher, and eagerly drank a great quantity of cold water and died within thirty minutes.

The Philadelphia Gaz. says: Two hundred and fifty men are now employed upon the steam frigate now building at our navy yard. She is rated at two thousand tons, and will be the largest steam frigate afloat. Her engine, which is to be of six-hundred horse power, is now building by Messrs. Merrick & Towne. It is said that the frigate Karrant, now in one of the ship houses at the navy yard, is to be completely overhauled, and the decayed timber replaced with new. The keel of this frigate was laid in 1820.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

Gen. Jackson's Reiterated Approval of Mr. Van Buren's Administration.

PIKASTLE, May 25th, 1840.
In your paper of the 22d instant, just received, I find that the Whigs have been representing Gen. Jackson, as having deserted Mr. Van Buren and declared in favor of Gen. Harrison, once to correct somewhat similar misrepresentations, circulated some extent in Hottel's request, previous to our late election, I wrote to the old hero requesting his permission to contradict them, and I herewith annex a copy of my reply for publication; which, I think, is quite conclusive as to his opinion of Mr. Van Buren and the leading policy of his administration. In haste,

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

JAMES McDOWELL, of Newcastle.

"HERMITAGE, May 10th, 1840.
MY DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 25th ult. has been received, and is now before me. I am not accustomed to learn from it that the "Rives Conservatives" should deny the authenticity of my letter, written in answer to one received from Moses Dawson, Esq., and published in the latter part of the year 1837, or the first of the year 1838, approving the federal policy of President Van Buren, as set forth in his message to the extra session of Congress, in September, 1837, or separating the government from all banks.

It appears that the Rives Conservatives, the Abolitionists and Federalists, have combined to obtain the reins of government into their own hands, by the means of a continued system of deceiving the people by falsehood and slander of the basest kind, forgetting that the American people are an enlightened and virtuous people, capable of self-government, who may, by the falsehoods of designing demagogues and politicians, be led astray for a moment; but the second thought, always gross deceptions that have been attempted to be practiced upon them by these political demagogues, who think the people are incapable of ruling—rule—value thoughts: I have heretofore disappointed the opposition, and I trust ever will, and most so long as the virtue of the people soars above the corrupting influence of the money power, which has, for a long time, been corrupting the morals of the world. But truth is mighty, and will prevail; and the virtue of the people will per- petuate our glorious Union and happy republican system against all the corrupting influence of the combined money power and modern paper credit system, and will supply the administration in maintaining the government from all banks, and restoring the federal government to the express limits of the constitution and independence, as contemplated by the sages who framed it.

You are authorized to say, to all my republican friends that I am the author of a letter addressed to Moses Dawson, Esq., in reply to one from him in the latter part of the year 1837, or the first part of the year 1838, and published by Mr. Dawson in his paper, approving Mr. Van Buren's recommendation of divorce of the government from all banks or banking corporations.

You are at liberty to use this letter as your prudence may dictate, and I am, with great respect,
Your most ob't serv't,
ANDREW JACKSON.

JAMES McDOWELL, Esq."

CONGRESS.

MONDAY, JUNE 15.

In the Senate. The only business, except the business in the Executive sessions, was the passage of a law extending the charters of the banks of the District of Columbia, till the fourth of July, 1842. The only conditions coupled with the bill are, that the said banks shall not take a stay of execution on any judgement recovered against them, or make an appeal, &c. &c.

In the House. The rules were suspended to go into a Committee of the whole on the state of the Union—the vote being 87 to 43.—The Sub-Treasury Bill was then taken up, and Mr. Pope of Kentucky, addressed the House in opposition to the bill. After the recess, Mr. Pope concluded, and Mr. Black of Georgia, spoke in favor of the measure till 7 o'clock, when the House adjourned.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—We learn from the Albany Journal that the Hon. Anson Brown, a representative in Congress from the district composed of the counties of Saratoga and Schenectady, died on Sunday evening, at his residence in Balston Spa, (N. Y.) Mr. Brown returned from Washington about a week ago, quite ill and much enfeebled, but it was hoped that a change of air would restore him. Mr. Brown was an opponent of the Administration.

Real men and women never sneer at mechanics and operatives. But self-styled gentlemen and ladies not unfrequently do. We have heard of a lady who once left a ball-room because a mechanic entered. She married a basket maker and died a wash-woman. And of a gentleman who did the same thing and not long afterwards was compelled to go to a mechanic to be saved from jail. Labor not only redeems to wealth but is merit.—*Greenfield Democrat.*

Fourth of July.

TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

THE friends of TEMPERANCE in the county of Oxford, are notified that their next Conference will be held at Rumford Point, at the free church in that place, at 10 o'clock, on the morning of that day. An Address will be expected.

It is hoped a strong Temperance Delegation will there convene, from every town and plantation in the county.
Per order of the Committee.
183944

NOTICE.

THOSE persons indebted to the subscriber on Note, which has become due are requested to make payment without delay.
Those whose notes have been due one year are notified that unless payment is made, or a part, by the first of July next, they will be left for collection, without distinction.
FRANCIS REMIS.
Paris, May 28, 1840.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Edward Boston, of Canton, in the county of Oxford, State of Maine, did, on the 26th day of October, 1833, execute to Charles Beane of said Canton, a mortgage deed of a certain piece of land situated in said Canton, and bounded as is particularly described in said deed, which is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 55, pages 329 and 333. And whereas the said Charles Beane, on the 31st day of November, 1838, by his deed of assignment, duly executed, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 55, page 333, assigned and transferred all his right, title, and interest in said estate so mortgaged to him, with said mortgage so made to him by said Boston, to Lucia Willis, of Hebron, in said county; and whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken by said Boston, I, the said Lucia Willis, having since changed my name to that of Lucia Perkins, by intermarriage with Asa Perkins, Jr. of Bridgewater, Mass., now claim to foreclose the same.
JUNE 18, 1840. LUCIA PERKINS.

Commissioner's Notice.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that they have been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of the estate of Jacob Brown, late of Paris, yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, that six months are allowed by law, to the several creditors to bring in and prove their claims;—that they will be in session for the purpose of attending to the duties aforesaid, on the second Monday in July, and the first Monday in December next, at the dwelling house of Moses Buck in Sumner, from one to four o'clock P. M. on each of said days. JOSIAH DUDLEY, SUMNER, June 13, 1840. MOSES BUCK.

To the honorable Court of County Commissioners, next to be holden at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, 1840.—

THE undersigned would respectfully present that the great market road leading from the centre of the town of Oxford, over Fidgeon hill, Ricker's hill, and the Shaker hills, to Josiah Hobbs', in New Gloucester, is extremely hilly, and from the nature of the ground, over which said road passes, is subject to be very bad travelling in the spring and fall; by reason of the mudiness and roughness of the road; and in winter, by reason of snow-drifts or bare ground; and that said hills may be almost entirely avoided, without materially increasing the distance, by the location of a road, commencing at the bridge over the Little Androscoggin river, at the New Mills, in the town of Oxford, thence westerly of Fidgeon hill, intersecting the old road at or near Benjamin Garland's in Poland; thence by Poland Corner and easterly of Ricker's hill, the Shaker hills, and pond to the old county road, near said Josiah Hobbs', or, if found expedient, to go on the westerly side of Ricker's hill and the upper Shaker hill, and on the easterly side of the lower Shaker hill, and intersect the old road at the most convenient place. And as the location of a road over the above described route would greatly facilitate the transportation of heavy loads to and from market, we respectfully pray, that after due proceedings had, your honors will make such new locations on said route, as the public good may require.
(Signed.) G. G. WATERHOUSE, & 175 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, 23:
At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1840.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners of the counties of Oxford and Cumberland, will meet at the town of Searsville, in said town of Oxford, on Tuesday, the 23d day of September next, at 9 o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by exhibiting affidavits of the facts and their verities, and by exhibiting copies of said petition and of this Order of Notice thereon; to be served on the clerks of said towns of Oxford, Poland, and New Gloucester, and on the County Attorneys of said counties of Oxford and Cumberland; and on the Chairman of the County Commissioners of the county of Cumberland; and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Oxford, Poland, and New Gloucester, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, and in the Portland Advertiser and Eastern Argus, printed at Portland, the first of said publications, and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.
Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—Runford.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the non-resident proprietors and owners of lands in the town of Runford, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the taxes are taxed for the year 1839, for county, town, and school district No. 11 taxes; and also for delinquent highway tax for the year 1838, committed to me by the Assessors of said town to collect, in the sum following; and that the same remain unpaid in the bills as follows:

Names of non-residents, known or unknown.	No. of lots.	No. Acres.	Valued, \$	Money Tax, \$	Highway Tax, \$	Delinquent Highway Tax, \$
N. G. River.						
John Bradley,	51	100	100	76	1 56	64
do	53	100	125	95	78	81
do	55	25	100	100	76	64
do	32	2	100	100	76	1 56
do	32	2	100	100	76	1 56
Nathan Brewer,	2	38	40	32		25
David Wait,	96	2	100	100	76	64
Unknown	42	2	81	59	38	32
E. E. River.						
C. M. Jewett,	17	1	80	150	114	
John Bradley,	63	3	62	50	38	
Unknown	68	3	150	60	38	
do	50	3	89	40	32	26
John Bradley or unknown	24	3	200	100	76	64
John Bradley,	38	3	100	100	76	
do	68	3	100	60	38	
do	96	3	100	59	38	64
do	83	3	103	50	38	
do	103	3	78	40	32	25
C. L. Ennis,	55	2	100	60	38	
do	25	3	100	50	38	
do	100	3	100	60	38	
Wm. Wheeler,	100	3	100	100	76	64
Aaron Virgin or unk.	22	3	200	80	78	

And unless said taxes are paid to me, with all necessary intervening charges, on

POETRY.
(From the New Era.)
TIPPECANOE.
TUNE—"Billy Barlow."

Good Lord! my brave masters what antics and rags,
Are daily cut up by the poor British Whigs,
Their throats are all sore, and their noses are blue,
With shouting and drinking for Tippecanoe.

They say in their folly that Harrison must
Be President next—so they down with the dust—
If you ask them the reason, they straight answer you,
By shouting "Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe."

Of the wrongs of the people most loudly they prate—
Of mighty reforms to be brought in the State—
And answer each question propounded by you,
By shouting "Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe."

Complain that the times are oppressive and dull,
That our coffers are empty, our prisons all full,
They will tell you the cause and the remedy too,
By shouting "Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe."

They tell us the markets are empty and bad,
Eighteen pence must be paid for a very small shad,
But to make them more plenty you've nothing to do
But vote for the Hero of Tippecanoe.

He's a Doctor, they say, that can cure every ill,
Our commerce revive, our treasury fill,
Collect every grievance the universe through,
And bury them all at Tippecanoe.

Then huzza for the Hero that lives at North Bend!
Whose power such manifold blessings can send,
His election achieved we'll have nothing to do
But live in Log Cabins like Tippecanoe.

Hard Cider we'll drink as we sit by the fire,
And list to the tales of some reverend sire,
When he tells how the people on cider got blue—
When Harrison conquered (?) at Tippecanoe.

The Rose of Langollen.
The evening air grew chilling and cold;
Gwineth threw her apron over her shoulders
And went to the wood house for faggots. Ellen
was left alone; her eyes fell upon the stump
of a withered tree. "That was Edward's gift,"
said she mournfully. "Peace is now restored,
he will return—he will think I neglected it, for
alas! it has withered. But no, Edward must
come no more to our cottage."

Hearing the returning step of Gwineth she
wiped away the starting tear, for she well knew
her mother would chide. Gwineth entered
trembling; "Mercy!—my child, come and
listen; sure I heard the abbey bell toll." Ellen
turned pale; she listened with breathless an-
ticipation; again the heavy bell struck with awful
reverberation. Oh! cried Ellen, "the news has
arrived that Edward is killed!"

Vainly now did Gwineth call upon the name
of her child, who lay senseless upon the cold
earth.

Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honest
peasants, and she was tenderly beloved by the
son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In
the rustic sports of the lawn before the abbey,
Edward had often gladly joined, often pressed
the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips,
and breathed in her ear accents of pure un-
changing love. But parental authority inter-
posed. Edward was ordered to accept the
haughty Lady Hester. His heart proudly re-
volted; yet to disobey a father, hitherto fond
and tender, was death. He implored a respite;
Sir Owen granted his petition, and the regiment
in which Edward served, was ordered to Egypt;
yet his departing words breathed fervent, con-
stant affection to Ellen, and his parting gift was
the rose tree which she now bewailed.

"For heaven's sake! my child," said Gwineth,
"be composed, I will step to the gate,
and see if any passes from the Abbey. Dear
now be composed." Gwineth now step to
the gate.

"Bless me! as I live here comes a soldier
down the hill!" The word revived Ellen; she
flew to her mother's side. The soldier descend-
ed the hill; he seemed to walk feebly and
lean on the shoulder of a boy. "Sure," thought
Ellen, "that is Edward's form," but as he ap-
proached nearer conjecture changed; his dress
was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed,
and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked
the suffering he had endured in the dreadful
climate, for Edward it was; and love soon re-
vealed him to the wonder-struck Ellen. In a
moment each of their hands were seized by
Gwineth and her child, who forgetting the first
sight of him, the shocking change of his ap-
pearance, led him in triumph to the cottage;—
but inquiry soon succeeded, and while Ellen
fixed her eyes upon her withered rose tree, in
anguish exclaimed, "Alas! he cannot see it
now." Edward began his recital.

"When I left you, dear friends, in compli-
ance with a father's command, I embarked
with my regiment to Egypt. Our troops were
successful in all their undertakings; I alone
seemed to endure the pangs of disappointment
and sorrow. An enterprise in which I was en-
gaged, required despatch and caution, when in
a moment of general attack, my friend and
earliest companion of happy days, fell covered
with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of
our commander not to quit our posts, I bore
him in my arms from the scene of horror; for
this I was broke and discharged in ignominy."
Ellen wept, her heart was too full for utterance;
the poor woman sobbed aloud.

"I returned," said Edward, "in the first
vessel that sailed, and returned but to see my
father breathe his last. Even he too conspired,
against my happiness; for would you believe
it Ellen! he has disinherited me."

"How?" exclaimed Ellen, "is it in nature
to be so wicked? a child he once loved so dear-
ly!"

"True," returned Edward, "but you now
see me in sickness and sorrow, without a friend
to comfort, a home to shelter me."

"Never, never, my dear young master,"
cried Gwineth, "while the sticks of this poor
cottage hang together."

Ellen clasped his hands closer between hers,
and spoke not. On a sudden, some recollec-
tion darted across her mind, she let his hand
fall and sighed deeply.

"What ails my Ellen?" asked Edward;
"will she not confirm the words of her moth-
er?"

"Ah me!" said Ellen, I am thinking how
happy the Lady Hester will be to have the pos-
sibility of restoring you to wealth and comfort. She
can do all that our wishes dictate."

"But if my Ellen gives me her love," re-
plied Edward, "I will not seek the favor of
Lady Hester."

"And will you stay with us?" exclaimed
the enraptured Ellen. "Oh, we shall be hap-
py enough in that case, and our debt of grati-
tude will be in part discharged, for we owe all.
Your instructive care first raised my mind from
ignorance, and if a virtuous sentiment animates
this breast, from you it derives its source."

"You are just to yourself, Ellen, instructions
bestowed where there is no innate virtue, is like
the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky soil.—
But now my love can you think to support an
idle intruder? Your means are but scant,
though your heart is ample."

"We will work the harder," said Gwineth
—"we knit, and have a thousand ways of get-
ting a penny, and when you get strong & healthy,
you can work."

"Mr. Fitzmorris work!" cried the indig-
nant Ellen.

"And why not, my child?" rejoined Gwineth;
"is there any disgrace in honest indus-
try? Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud; and when,
with some juice of simples which you, Ellen,
shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who
knows but by the favor of Heaven, his sight
may be restored? Thus Ellen, he will assist
our labors, see our cheerful endeavors to make
him forget all past misfortunes, and we shall be
the happiest peasants in Langollen."

"Excellent creature," cried Edward, "my
whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But
must away—on the brow of the hill I left a
weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a cup
of your beer, and speed him on his journey."

Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her
so soon, though but for a few minutes; but Ed-
ward continued absent about two hours; her
terror was inexpressible. The night closed
and he did not return. Ellen's couch was wet-
ted with tears, and morning found her pale and
sad. She waited at the door in anxious ex-
pectation, and with a scream of wild joy ex-
claimed—"He is coming!"

He was supported by an elderly man, and
Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance
also, while Gwineth prepared their homely
breakfast.

Edward seemed breathless—in fatigue—and
the stranger accounted for the delay, saying
that he had wandered up the country fearing
his companion had forgotten him.

"Ah! you are cold and wet," said Ellen.
"No, my love, you see I have a great coat—
I found my little parcel at the lodge where I
rested last night."

"And that lodge, which was once your cru-
el father's should be yours," said Ellen. "But,
no, he was not cruel, Edward; for he has given
you to us."

"Come, come, this is fine talking," cried
Gwineth, "while the poor youth is cold and
hungry; and see the tears how they roll down
his cheeks."

"Do your eyes pain you Edward?" inquired
Ellen; let me wash them with spring wa-
ter."

"They do indeed," said he.

In the gentlest manner possible, Ellen remov-
ed the bandage, and his full, expressive hazel
eye met hers, beaming joy and love. She re-
covered with a scream of surprise. He threw
off his coat, and discovered his dress decorated
with every military honor.

"Ellen, forgive this deception—it was my
father's stratagem—and here he is a witness of
your disinterested affection. I am not dishon-
ored, but promoted by my noble commander to
military rank."

"It is true indeed," said the old gentleman;
"I suspected my son of an unworthy choice,
and detected this stratagem as the means of con-
firmation. The Lady Hester disdained a poor
soldier, and now my Edward has issue for your
acceptance."

"Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen;
she fell at the feet of Owen, bathed his hand
with the tears, and vainly tried to express the
feelings of her heart. The rustic meal passed
some time unregarded, till composure was re-
stored, and the benevolence of the intention
rendered it a repast palatable even to the Bar-
onet.

"Your rose tree is withered," said Ellen.
"Indeed I could not preserve it."

"Heed it not," returned Edward. "It was
a hot house plant, and could ill endure the slight-
est breeze of mischance. You, Ellen are the
Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweet-
ness is but increased by the homeliness of the
culture it received."

Ellen, blushing with joy, gave her hand to
her lover, who that day led her to the abbey,
where the delighted peasantry came to make
their heartfelt congratulations, and in the happiness
of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and
aged Gwineth sank into a peaceful grave, be-
loved and revered by her dutiful child; and to

the arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris is now added,
with proud triumph the blooming wild rose
OF LANGOLLEN.

From the Norwich Aurora.
THE BET TAKEN.
Mr. Editor.—The Patriot and Democrat, a
week since, gave notice that some whigs stood
ready to bet \$400 that Harrison would be elec-
ted—\$400 that he would get the vote of N. Y.—
\$400 that he would get the vote of Pennsyl-
vania—\$400 that he would get the vote of Vir-
ginia—the money to be deposited in the Har-
ford Bank. This part of the arrangement is
objected to. The Harford Bank is probably
a party to the bet, and it would be unfair to
give them the use of the money; besides, as
banks have no souls, they might not pay over
the money.

You are now authorized to say that respon-
sible men will take the bets. The \$2,000
shall be deposited in specie—gold or silver—
with Col. John Isham, of Colchester, an hono-
rable man, and a whig, and on his giving notice
that the Patriot folks have furnished him the
money, \$2,000, we will furnish and deposit
with him the same sum.

And now we go farther. We will bet \$500
that Harrison will not get his own township—
\$500 that he will not get Ohio—\$500 that he
will not get Kentucky—and \$2,000 that he
will not get a third of the Electoral votes. All
the money to be deposited in specie with Col.
Isham, to be delivered to the winner the day
after he ascertains who is chosen. We will
also bet that Mr. Van Buren carries the State
of New York by 15,000 majority. Let the
whigs put down the money. If they are in ear-
nest let them show it. The money is ready for
them.

WILLIAM B. BENNETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BUCKFIELD, (Maine.)

Notice of Foreclosure.
WHEREAS Ezekiah Fingree, by his mortgage deed,
bearing date the 7th day of April, 1837, conveyed to
the undersigned a certain piece of land situated in the town of
Norway, in the county of Oxford, containing twenty acres,
the same being partially described in and deed, which is recorded
in the Oxford Registry, Book 58, page 140. Now notice is
given by this deed, that the said mortgage deed, to the re-
cord of which the said deed is referred, is in default of the
said mortgage deed, and that the condition therein has been
broken, I hereby claim to foreclose said mortgage.
AARON WILKINS.
Norway, June 8, 1840. 3w44

Notice of Foreclosure.
WHEREAS Jacob Newton, of Dixfield, in the county
of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of January, A. D. 1834,
made and executed to me a mortgage deed of a certain lot
of land, situate in said Dixfield, being the homestead farm,
which the said Newton then lived, and still lives, contain-
ing eight acres, more or less; for a particular description of the
premises, reference may be had to the Oxford Registry, at Paris,
Book 51, page 166; the execution of which mortgage having
been broken, I hereby claim to foreclose said mortgage.
JOHN KIDDER.
June 9, 1840. 3w44

Mortgagee's Notice.
WHEREAS Oliver Strickland, of Andover, in the county
of Oxford, on the 20th day of February, A. D. 1837,
by deed of mortgage, conveyed to the undersigned a certain
tract or parcel of land situated in said Andover, as described
in his deed of that date, which is recorded in the Regis-
try of Deeds for the said county, Book 51, page 53, reference
therein being had. Now by reason of a breach of the condi-
tion of the said mortgage, I claim to foreclose the same,
and to have possession of the said mortgaged premises.
SIMON W. GREGG.
Andover, June 9, 1840. 3w44

Notice of Foreclosure.
WHEREAS Elias Stowell, late of Paris, in the
county of Oxford, duly executed to David Jordan,
of said Paris, a mortgage of certain premises, situate
in said Paris, by deed, dated the eleventh day of
April, A. D. 1836, and recorded in the Oxford Registry
of Deeds, Book 49, page 27; and whereas the said David
Jordan, on the nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1837,
duly assigned to me, the subscriber, his interest in said
mortgage, which assignment is recorded in said Regis-
try, Book 52, page 431;—reference being had to said
Mortgage Deed for a particular description of the pre-
mises, being the homestead which said Elias formerly
occupied; and whereas the conditions in said mortgage
have been broken, I claim to have possession of said
mortgaged premises for condition broken, and to foreclose
said mortgage.
DAVID P. STOWELL.
Paris, June 15, 1840. 3w44

WANTED!
10,000 lbs. WOOL!
FOR WHICH CASH WILL BE PAID.
THE subscribers will purchase 10,000 pounds clean
Fleece
WOOL,
and pay CASH, at the highest market price, if delivered soon
at their Store, No. 8, (Montgomery's Building), Congress street,
Portland. BUTTERFIELD & WASHBURN.
Portland, June 15, 1840. 1f44

Mortgagee's Notice.
WHEREAS Seth Wright, of Bethel, in the county of Ox-
ford, did, on the fourth day of April, A. D. 1835,
convey to me, the subscriber, a certain tract of land situated in
said Bethel, by deed, duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds
for said county, Book 47, page 445, reference to said record be-
ing had for a more full description of said land; and whereas
the condition in said mortgage is broken by said Wright, I
therefore hereby give notice that I claim to foreclose the said
mortgage for condition broken.
AMOS (W. E.).
Watford, March 27, 1840. 3w44

NOTICE.—This may certify that I have this day re-
linquished to my son, David E. Simpson, his time until he
is twenty-one years of age, with power to act and trade for
himself. I shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts
of his contracting, after this date.
NATHANIEL SIMPSON.
Attest—JOHN DOLLOFF.
Andover, April 1, 1840. 3w44

FREEDOM.—I hereby certify and give public
notice, that I have given my son, Asa S. Record,
his time until he is twenty-one years of age; that he
shall be free to act and trade for himself, and that I shall
claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his
contracting, after this date.
CYRUS RECORD.
Buckfield, June 15, 1840. 3-44

BLANKS
For sale at this Office.

ON THE SMALL POX.
To the Citizens of Boston & State
of Massachusetts.
SMALL POX is a complaint more attendant on childhood
than at any other time of life; the human species, how-
ever, is subject to it at any period of existence. The cause of
this disease does not rest in a portion of the worst kind of
humors having become mixed with the circulation of the blood,
either from contagious or otherwise. It is this humor which
produces shivering, fever, heaviness, weakness, and pains all
over the body, because the circulation is impeded, and its nat-
ural course disordered by the bad humors. This is the first pe-
riod.

The blood, in this case, as well as in all other appearance
of disease, fights against these impurities, and carries them to
the capillary vessels in order to cause an eruption and thus to
throw out these humors. This is the second period.

The skin is covered with pustules (small pimples) in more
or less quantity according to the previous health or unhealthy
condition of the body. After these pustules come out, the fever
subsides, and in about ten or twelve days dry off and fall into
scabs. This is the third period.

The Small Pox is deadly or mild, according to the malignity
of the contagion or the bad nature of the humors of the patient;
if he was sickly before, and his humors in a corrupt state, he is
infinitely more exposed to danger than if he had enjoyed perfect
health before the attack; for the blood being weighed down by
the previous corrupt state of the humors, has not the power to
resist the disease—and in this case the result must, therefore,
be mortal, provided no preventive course has been employed;
for the third period cannot take place, in consequence of the
blood not having the power to throw the humors out, so as to
form pustules.

The Preventive Course.
When the contagion has spread in the City or Country, the
sooner every one commences purifying his body by purgation,
the better; and should any of the above symptoms present
themselves just take the Brandreth Pills every twelve hours,
as to produce purgation, evacuations, supposing that the fe-
ver does not from the Small Pox, the patient will get rid of
the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to
health will be the same. At the second period, and while the
fever continues, even if the various eruptions take place, the
pills must be continued so as to produce good evacuations
daily.

The course will not only insure the life of the patient, but will
also prevent any scars from being made, or any internal obstruc-
tions or settling of the humors. By this means the crisis takes
its course, whether the humors be slightly corrupted or
strongly depraved, the life of the patient is equally free from
danger. And in case of any new attack of pain, or any sign of
accident from cold or otherwise, the purgation must be repeated
in the interval of the trying of the pills.

By thus evacuating the corruptive severity of the humors which
produce boils in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the
eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient
cured by this practice will not be exposed to the different in-
conveniences, which are so often the consequences of this dis-
ease.

If the principle of purgation were but well understood no one
would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common
cold. There would be no inoculation or vaccination either—
people would be no wiser then, they would know that all the
diseases would be removed by evacuations, and without dan-
ger by simply evacuating the bowels and thus purifying the blood
until the disease was cured. Three or four days of this prac-
tice, how many weeks, months, nay, perhaps years, of sickness
might be not prevented. Fathers and mothers of families, reflect,
if you give your child to yourself and your dear children to re-
flect on these things and be advised in time. Should vac-
cination be decided upon, let the body be put in a healthy state
previously, by use of the Pills. But for my part I do not
think much is gained by vaccination—however, let the advice
above be taken, and no danger can result from it or inoculation
or the genuine Small Pox. All will be well if Purgation be re-
sorted to so as to produce a regeneration of the humors.

Your obedient servant,
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

No. 19. HANOVER STREET. 19.
THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BEN-
JAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE
UNIVERSAL PILLS.
Or of MR. JOHN O. LANGLEY,
Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling
Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furn-
ished with the Genuine Pills. Buy of them and avoid decep-
tion.

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW.
St. Paul—E. H. Drake.
North Paris—Elihu Drake,
Buckfield—A. F. Cole.
Rumford—O. H. Holter.
Dixfield—A. A. Graham.
Jay—J. L. N. & C. Stanley.
Joel—J. L. N. & C. Stanley.
Lewiston—J. K. Kimball.
Livermore—B. B. Morrison.
N. — J. Kimball & Walker.
Woodstock—Welcome Kinsley.
Harford—H. H. Haines.
Greenwood—Welcome Kinsley.
Albany—L. N. & C. Stanley.
Turner—Philo Clark.
Norway—Julian Goodnow.
Lewell—James Walker.
Lewiston—N. & C. Stanley.
St. — R. H. Gerry.
Stearns—J. J. Beavell.
Porter—John Higgins.
Hiram—J. B. Beavell.
Canton Mills—J. M. Dehon.
Oxford—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.
copy 27

Blacksmith Wanted
A T Lock's Mills in Greenwood. One who is desir-
ous to acquire property would be preferred and
receive encouragement. Please call and examine the
situation.
April, 1840. 1f37

HEBRON ACADEMY.
THE SPRING TERM of this Academy will
commence, Providence permitting, on MONDAY
the SECOND DAY OF MARCH next, under the
care of MR. OZIAS MILLER; and as he has heretofore
given and satisfaction as an instructor, and the in-
struction is improving, we with confidence invite youths of
both sexes, whose object is to obtain useful knowledge,
to come and see for themselves; depending that it will
be the interest of the Trustees and Preceptor to render the
school to them both agreeable and profitable.
JOHN TRIPP, Secretary.
Hebron, Feb. 10, 1840. 271

NOTICE.
ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, on account
of one year's standing, are requested to make
payment previous to the 1st of July next. All those
who neglect this request, error that term with
their delinquency in the hands of those authorized for col-
lection.
N. B. Do not neglect to call for I must and SHALL
be now say, unless an arrangement is made to the
contrary, with individuals concerned.
FRANCIS DEMIS
Paris, May 22, 1840. 1f41

NEW STORE.
THE subscribers having taken the Store formerly
occupied by JAMES LONLEY, at South Paris,
near the Inn of Anthony Bennett Esq., are now ready
to accommodate such customers as feel disposed to
patronize them on the most liberal terms. Their goods
consist of an entire new stock, and comprise a general
assortment, amongst which may be found,
A SUPERIOR LOT OF
**BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BUCK-
SKINS, SATINETTS, ETC. ETC.**
Also, a large & carefully selected
assortment of **CALICOES,
COPPER PLATES,
and
COLD CASSIMERES.**
Silk Velvets, Fig'd & plain Satinets, Gro de Swiss &
Gro de Nap silk for dresses, Saratogs, Synchaws and
Florence Silks, Bombazines, fig'd satin, Cambrics, &c.
Blk. Pongee, Bandannas, and Flag Hdkfs.
Ladies Silk SILE GLOVES.
Ladies White Lace Do.
Gents and Ladies Kid Do.
Ital. Sew'g Silks and Twist.
Laces, Lace Footings, Edging and Quellings.
Cap and Bonnet Ribbons,
Super. Irish Linens, Brown Linens and Selfies,
Cambrics, Cambric Muslins and
Bishop's Lawns,
Sheeting and Shirting Bleached and Unbleached.
Tickings and Drillings, Corded Jeans for summer wear,
Ducks, Padding and Canvas, Suspenders Elastic and
Worsted.
Hats and Caps, Ladies Kid Slippers and walking
Shoes.
Also a general assortment of **W. I. GOODS,
GROCERIES & HARD WARE** together with other
articles to numerous to particularize, all which will
be sold low for cash or country produce.
Harpness and Trunks kept constantly on hand. The
furness business will be carried on as heretofore, and
all who wish for a first rate article at a fair price will do
well to call and examine for themselves.
D. S. HUBBARD,
J. T. CLARK.
South Paris April 24, 1840.

NEW SPRING GOODS
JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON
BY
ELI HOWE,
CONSISTING OF Blue, Blue-Black, Brown, Claret, In-
visible, Olive-Brown, and mixed
BROADCLOTHS CASSIMERES
and
Satinets, Buckskin and Buffalo Cloths.
—ALSO—
A good assortment of Cloths for Summer wear. Superior
Black and Blue-Black Silk Velvets.
Silk, Silk Satin, Marcellite white,
Buff and figured Vestings.
A prime assortment of English, French and American
mourning and selected Prints from 7 cents
to 37 1/2 cents.
Ladies Worsted and Cotton Hose. Kid and Silk Gloves.
Florence and eleven brand Bonnets. Figured Satin and
White Florence, Ribbons, Fancy, Flag Hdkfs, &c.
Corded and Jaconet Muslin, Lawns and Cambrics, Lace,
Thread, and Black Silk Edging and Insertions.
A prime assortment of Kid Slippers of all sizes.
One case of Truss Hats, also Cloth Caps & variations
and the most recent fashions.
Gents. Kid and Buckskin Gloves a prime assortment. Also
In-laid and Worsted Suspenders.
Sheeting and Shirting bleached and unbleached and also
substantiating, Drillings, &c. A large assortment of W. I.
GOODS, likewise Crochery Glus and Hard Ware.
All of which will be sold as cheap for Cash, country produce
or approved credit, as can be purchased in this vicinity.
Paris-Hill, April 13, 1840. 1f

DR. SEARS'
UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN,
Or: Blood-Root Pills.
THE pretence that any medicine is nearly an "infallible
cure" for all the diseases "that flesh is heir to," what-
ever their character, is a flagrant imposition upon the public
confidence, and a most wicked outrage upon the generous
sympathy that suffering humanity justly demands of us.—
Yet the very frequency and boldness of those impostors, frauds,
so eminently cruel to the unfortunate, furnish solid ground
for presenting the public a remedy that may be intelligently
appreciated and RELIED UPON. That powerful medicinal
agent, the BLOOD ROOT, is the basis of the Universal San-
guinarian Pills, and all the materials are drawn from the
"Vegetable Kingdom"—the grand source of support to animal
existence. But in the combination, the different ingredi-
ents are so blended and modified as to give the compound a re-
markable advantage over the simples, and it is believed over
all other medicines. When it is considered that nearly all
diseases, chronic and acute, are connected with a disordered
action of the stomach and bowels, and that in most instances,
this is superinduced by disorder of the Bile, or Gall, which
is the natural physics of the system—and when it is further con-
sidered that these Pills act with singular power upon these
many organs, and through them upon the blood and entire
physical economy, sober reason must justify the assertion, that
this valuable discovery furnishes a remedy of rare efficacy
in all curable cases of disease; and this deduction of reason
is abundantly corroborated by experience. This medicine har-
monizes with the laws of life, inspires and strengthens its na-
ture, and works its wonders, by gradually clearing her out of a
triumphant conflict with obdurate organic disease. It is
suited for general use, and as a safe and most valuable
family medicine. Safe, not because it does nothing—like
many contemptible notions of newspaper celebrity, which
by occupying the places of efficient remedies are often ex-
posed to the public eye, and which, by their very nature, are
—but safe because it aids and co-operates with nature, in-
stead of setting her aside and violently attempting to perform
her work by dangerous FORCIBLE MEANS.
The Proprietor feels the fullest confidence in the superior
virtues of the UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN PILLS.—
Still they are presented to the public on their merits alone; and
happily with it to have their claim subjected to the severe but
satisfactory test of intelligent experience. For sale by R. S.
BLADELL, East Thomaston, Me.

AGENTS for the BLOOD-ROOT PILLS
in Oxford County:
HIRAM HUBBARD, Paris Hill; O. H. Paine, South
Paris; C. H. H. Drake, Buckfield; A. F. Cole, Rumford;
O. H. Holter, Dixfield; A. A. Graham, Jay; J. L. N. & C. Stanley,
Joel; J. L. N. & C. Stanley, Lewiston; B. B. Morrison, Livermore;
J. K. Kimball, N. — J. Kimball & Walker, Woodstock; Welcome Kinsley,
Harford; H. H. Haines, Greenwood; Philo Clark, Turner; Julian Goodnow,
Lewell; James Walker, Lewiston; N. & C. Stanley, St. — R. H. Gerry,
Stearns; J. J. Beavell, Porter; John Higgins, Hiram; J. B. Beavell,
Canton Mills; J. M. Dehon, Oxford; Charles Durell, Oxford.

NOTICE.—This may certify that I have given my son,
John R. Hammond, his time to act and trade for himself,
and I shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts
of his contracting, after this date.
JOSEPH HAMMOND.
June 1, 1840. 3w43

FREEDOM.—This may certify, that I this day give
my son, James M. Pote, Jr., his time to trade for him-
self, and I shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts
of his contracting, after this date.
Attest—Geo. T. CARR.
Bethel, June 8, 1840. 44

Volume
OXFORD
PUBLISHED
TRANS.—One
one dollar and a
month; two dol-
lars, twenty-five cents
beyond six months.
ADVERTISEMENTS
proprietor not be-
lieve the amount charged.
BOOKS
Executed
[From the
Wave, Liberty's
O'er the land of the
Spread proudly thy
Strike terror to tyr-
Shine, Liberty's Star
Gleam proudly on
Shed peaceful thy
A beacon to nation
And thou, fearless
Soar proudly aloft
O'er land and o'er
Thy shield and thy
Our banner waved
When our forefathers
The hero beheld it
To the soul of the
Our ships sailed maj-
And aloft in the air
Roamed fearless the
And gave the fierce
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shortly after our oc-
salied out on an oc-
our own and some
order, in the first
general run of sh-
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I took off his head, t-
his bump of conscie-
I struck off the list,
This man, was, in
very opposite of the
savage looking mon-
think much civility w-
I like the act in win-
ed through the win-
basket at the head of
it was deserved, but
exhausted—so I pass-
was a jolly, pleasur-
for a top keeper. I
once, so in I popped
understanding. I op-
purchase of a couple
fornate quantity of su-
odds and ends, for
from my wife. We
our worthy jolly gro-
and all, therefore, so
The grocer, howev-
ient sort of person-
wants of a family; the
sential, inasmuch as
our comfort, but al-
baker. We still wan-
erto bought our bread
What we wanted, ther-
and not knowing well
applied to our oblig-
woman seemed deligh-
wondered why; she
"Why, sir," she said,
is just a little hard-
to supply you, and I
giving you every satis-
Well pleased to find
would, at least, so far
went, he still kept in